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study of the *Vulgate* itself; but it is impossible to discover the mistakes of the *Douay Version*, without a constant recourse to the original Hebrew and Greek texts, to decide the true meaning of expressions obscure or doubtful in the Latin."

The above remarks, with the whole history on which they furnish so apt a commentary, we submit to the most serious attention of those Roman Catholics who have been led to suppose that, on the one hand, their Church has been at all times, and now is, deeply concerned about the integrity and purity of Holy Scriptures; solicitous about the education of a clergy duly qualified to expound its contents; and anxious for its general dissemination amongst all classes of the faithful; while, on the other hand, the reformed Church of England and Ireland has been labouring for three centuries to obscure and pervert the Word of God, and to substitute the "Gospel of Satan" for the Gospel of Christ.

THE DUMB VILLAGE.

CHAPTER II.

SOME of our friends have, no doubt, been exercising their conjectural skill upon the narrative contained in our previous article. Others of our readers have, perhaps, jumped to the conclusion, either that it was merely intended thereby to amuse them by a fictitious story, or, at all events, that whatever portion of truth was contained therein, resembled Falstaff's reasons, which were like two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff, for the which you may seek all the day without finding, and if found, not worth the search. We can, however, assure them, that facts are the foundation of the story.

Those who read the riddle aright have, of course, concluded the village to be in Ireland. So it is. They have been also so sharp-witted as to discover "the Dumb Village" to be simply neither more nor less than a community of our Roman Catholic countrymen prohibited by their religious advisers from all intercourse with their Protestant neighbours—Scripture-readers and others—hitherto mingling with them in cordial good will, which became for a time suddenly and imperiously broken. With this key to the mystery, our readers can now judge both of their own guesses and the fairness of our description.

Some of the Roman Catholic villagers greatly loved and respected the Scripture-readers, from whose conversation they had derived both profit and enjoyment. They therefore secretly fretted under the prohibition of silence which precluded them from intercourse with men whom they really esteemed; and thoroughly disliked an exercise of authority to which they reluctantly submitted. They endeavoured, by many little ways, to show they were no willing agents in the matter. And, as commonly occurs in like cases, curiously kept "the letter of the law" while detesting and violating its spirit. Others, though they were few, unfriendly and embittered, rather welcomed than shunned such an occasion of exhibiting the hostility which they felt.

This unhappy disunion, rigorously enforced, continued so long, and proved so distressing, that it at last became a serious question with some of the Protestant inhabitants, whether it would not be better to leave the village altogether. The Scripture-readers in particular, who were men of rare piety, felt sorely grieved and disturbed by the steadiness with which they were avoided. But, as those who are very much in earnest are often very observant, one or two among them conjectured that a change, if patiently awaited, would certainly take place. This they thought, partly, because being especial favourites, they had many occasions of witnessing a genuine kindness of heart which they believed too deep to be thus effectually extinguished, and partly because they saw quite enough to convince them there was a grievous violence done to that good-natured friendliness which they had taken so much pains to cultivate, and so often experienced.

Our pretty and gentle friend Mary had, as our fair friends who are versed in these matters probably anticipated, given, in all loving faith, her true heart to the young man of whom we have spoken. He was a sincere Christian, and had long laboured earnestly for the soul of her whom he so loved. Mary's mother was, as most Irish mothers are, a tender parent. She could not but secretly acknowledge her daughter's choice to be all her affection could desire, save in the terrible bar of an opposing religion. Pride and thankfulness contended with her fears. But her own, as well as her daughter's convictions had been seriously, though insensibly, shaken by the power (new to them) of the truth which the young man enforced with an earnest spirit and great gentleness. They listened eagerly, and almost unconsciously, to doctrines which comforted and elevated them. And felt, they knew not how, strange stirrings of soul, as they both gazed with interest and admiration upon his kindling cheek, and heard truths almost restless, which sprang from his heart to his lips. The word of God had been, almost unnoticed, winning its sure and silent way within them, and their deep silence, which often followed some burst of (to them) unwonted eloquence, bore witness to its effect. But the prohibition came, and it was to them a sore burden, al-

most too heavy to bear. The good woman grieved over her own and her daughter's faithfulness to this cruel command, as she saw Mary's sweet face pale, day by day, with the heart-sorrow which smote her. She watched with a mother's anxiety, and mourned with a mother's love, the silent suffering which she shared, but could not soothe. And yearned for some deliverance from the misery of witnessing the anguish of a strife between her daughter's faithfulness to her religion and devotion to her love.

Yet what could she do, and how could she hope? "The power of the Church"—that dread authority to an Irish peasant—had been brought to bear on her, and on every Roman Catholic inhabitant of the village. All intercourse "in word or deed," with their Protestant neighbours—and with the Scripture-readers especially—had been rigorously interdicted, under penalties, whose terrors left no room for reflection upon their unreasonableness and injustice. Poor Mary's fears bowed, while her heart well nigh broke.

Some wise and anxious watchers over the progress of the Irish Reformation ("Restoration" would be the better term) had confidently asserted that many of the steps taken by the Roman Catholic hierarchy and clergy in order to check it would ultimately defeat their expectations, and must, if persevered in, tend greatly to diminish, instead of advancing, their influence with the Irish people. Not only because they were unchristian in principle, and of distressing cruelty in practice. But also because the loss, which obedience to them occasioned, would, in the end, press so heavily as to produce both disaffection and disobedience. If, it was urged, Roman Catholic farmers were, in order to deter conversions, constrained by priestly injunctions, to become agents of persecution, by dismissing, and refusing to employ men who had no other fault to be laid against them than that of daring to exercise the liberty which God gave them, at the command of those claiming to be his ministers, they would soon discover, that they could not thus wrong others without injuring themselves. The converts were among their very best workmen. If, then, they were not only constrained to dismiss them all, but if, also, they should be forced, when seasons of demand for labour naturally raises its price (the supply of labour being already seriously affected, and therefore its rate of payment raised, by emigration), to endure an additional augmentation of wages produced by another decrease in the amount of labour available for them through the exclusion of converts, who were, moreover, willing to work almost at any price, the loss to their pockets would, it was confidently asserted, at last open their eyes to the fact, that the shameful game which they were playing was just as expensive to them as it was cruel and unchristian for all engaged in it. And thus dispose them to deliver others from oppression, in order to relieve themselves from a burden which they found to be overcostly for long endurance. Paying dearly for submission, they were, moreover, paying just in the way which brought discredit upon their religion, as well as disgrace and injury upon themselves. The consequences of such intolerance, it was then argued, would be—reluctant submission to it for a while, until the shoe pinched too severely, and growing disaffection to a system which entailed both loss and shame.

Roman Catholic shopkeepers were placed in the same position. With the same object in view, they were, it was publicly stated, prohibited in certain instances, from selling at all to converts; or at exorbitant prices. In one well-known locality the result of this was, as a matter of necessity, the establishment of a convert shop. To this the converts, of course, all flocked. But in addition to them, from the excellence of the goods, the justness of weights and measures, and the reasonableness of the prices, Roman Catholics were attracted in considerable numbers, and became constant and satisfied purchasers to such an extent, as to produce a serious diminution, and to threaten further injury in the trade of those who, by lending themselves to oppression, had forced the necessity for a rival establishment. They soon felt, and deplored the loss which they had occasioned to themselves, and sought the removal of the restriction which was ruining them, much more readily than they accepted its imposition for the sake of injuring others. A religion which employs such means will sooner or later be thought to require them. This will bring distrust of its truth. Many an honest and honourable Roman Catholic in Ireland sees and deplores the danger to his own faith, which its ministers in many cases occasion by the oppression which they sanction. Those who have closely watched for indications of feeling, have reason to believe that the Roman Catholic peasant, in certain localities at least, is much more kindly disposed towards his convert neighbours, than his outward demeanour would lead less observant persons at all to suspect.

The inhabitants of the dumb village, after some time, began to find the command of silence more irksome than heretofore. They felt in no small degree ashamed to deal thus harshly towards men who endured so patiently. By degrees many a kind glance indicated the strife between outward obedience and inward revolt. Small violations of the prohibition commenced and increased. An Irishman can stand a beating better than a joke which tells against him. When the thaw began, some uncommonly good-humoured and amusing allusions were,

as occasions allowed, made by the Scripture-readers to recent events. Sly and comic congratulations on the recovery of their speech told wonderfully well. The good fellows now and then "poked a little fun" at their neighbours which was irresistible. Laughter got in, and enmity got out. And the issue was, a renewal of intercourse springing up with the freshness of a retarded spring, all the more friendly because of the interruption.

Poor Mary had unexpectedly and unintentionally given way. As she took a lonely and sorrowing walk, she accidentally met the young man whom she loved so well. Though she tried to avoid him, and feared to speak, she was by his affectionate and manly entreaty forced to listen, until, at last, she forgot all but her love, and found the full use of her tongue. Trembling and dismayed, she told all to her mother, who, if the truth is to be told, was nearly as happy as her daughter, and wept as she comforted and embraced her. Mary's kind friend, the lord of the manor, had accidentally overheard part of their evening's conversation. Hence his visit to her cottage, and the whisper which showed her that he knew more than she suspected.

Naturally, there are few people more warm-hearted than the Irish peasantry. If half the pains which have been taken to stimulate their evil passions, and to trade on them, had been expended in the culture of their genuine good qualities, those who truly know and love them would not have need to mourn so often over acts which stain their history, and do violence to their nature. The tenacity with which they adhere to their faith; the unreservedness of their obedience to their clergy, ought to make us sorrow the more for their misdirected piety, and labour to turn it to truth. If the fast runner swerve from the right path, his fleetness of foot only serves to carry him further in "the error of his way." An Irishman loves controversy because he has an appetite for it, and having likewise an hereditary respect for religion, he is, from the quickness of his apprehension, warmth of heart, and temperamental piety, one of the most hopeful soils for the reception and growth of truth.

A very different state of things soon sprang up in the Dumb Village, which speedily became a loquacious one. Both parties were on the best terms. The priest of the parish had soon perceived that he was trying his people too much, and that to insist longer on the prohibition would tend greatly to weaken his influence. In fact, he had been constrained by his superior to adopt a course which he knew to be unwise. Thoroughly satisfied of the truth of his religion, and ardently attached to it, he groaned over the degradation, that the faith which he loved was to have no other resource, in times of assault than to shelter itself from danger under the prohibition of intercourse with Protestants. He could scarcely avoid the rebellious thought that those who forced this measure upon himself and others were more likely to occasion suspicion than to promote confidence. He could not avoid the disparaging comparison between them and a certain crafty general, who, doubting the valour of his troops, dressed up a set of old women in military attire, and commanded them to march, with all display, towards the battle-field, in the hope that his "make believe" for the soldiers would, in the confusion of a doubtful fight, be mistaken for a reinforcement.

His religious training could never so wholly subjugate him to do the Church's work as to annihilate, in these matters, the honesty of his character and extinguish the ardour of his Irish temperament. There still survived in him a constitutional candour, which, though it made him less of an ecclesiastical serf, made him more of an upright man. And he could not see why, in order to serve his religion, he must first lose his self-esteem, by using means for its advancement, from which, though his Church commanded them, his conscience revolted.

Under these circumstances, his position was painful and difficult. Religious discussions were increasing in his parish. He was required to suppress them in a way which he felt to be unworthy, and knew to be unavailing. Remonstrance from him was useless. He was ordered to obey, and forbidden to question the directions he had received, with the accompaniment, that a state of things produced (it was so intimated) by his remissness must be corrected—by any methods which were possible.

Steadily and manfully did he address himself to contemplate his difficulties and to master them. But the more he considered, the more he felt them. The Scripture-readers had been "handled" in a manner which surprised and perplexed him by the rector of the parish, who never allowed others to do for him what he knew it was his duty to do for himself. They were admirably chosen, and fitted for their work. Earnest, intelligent, and pious men, who rarely omitted a suitable opportunity of addressing his people with a singleness of purpose which gained them great respect. He saw many, who seemed unmoved by their arguments, to be favourably impressed by their conduct. Carefully as he had watched them, there was one watching them more carefully still, and he well knew that all their movements were made under the direction of the Protestant clergyman, whose vigilance never seemed to relax.

The Scripture-readers had succeeded so far as to produce among his flock a very general impression, that their religion, if it shunned inquiry, was somewhat like

"a counterfeit coin" put into circulation, escaping detection only so long as it escaped examination. They had pressed this point admirably. And it was one to tell upon an intelligent and excitable people. He therefore soon felt that to tie them in the bond of the "Church's authority" was to try and condense air in an India-rubber ball with a flaw in the surface, which would, if further pressed, soon become a rent. They were now beginning to examine arguments before they ventured upon using them. The ground of his most serious apprehension was, however, the rector of the parish. Not, in the slightest degree, doubting the truth of his religion, and assured that it rested upon proofs always forthcoming when required (though, when thinking at times over them, he was not a little disquieted to find how much he had hitherto taken the whole subject upon trust), the good priest, if left to his own temperament and option, would, at once, have committed the whole matter to the issue of a personal controversy. From this he was prohibited by his superiors, who, having far less honesty, though far more wisdom than himself, well knew that the danger to their faith arising from the incitement to the spirit of discussion produced by a successful result, would far outweigh the good to be expected by any single victory, even though that might be anticipated. Which, judging from the adversary to be encountered, it certainly, in this case, could not.

The rector of the parish had been, he was aware, watching with deep anxiety the effect of his recent experiment upon the obedience of his flock. When its failure, which both of them anticipated, became apparent, he knew enough of "the parson" to dread that he would, like "the great Duke," "fix a mistake" of his adversary with the speed and power of a thunderbolt. In fact, this gentleman's whole deportment, since he came into the parish, filled him with most serious apprehension. Not as yet mingling in open controversy, he had nevertheless directed every movement with consummate skill. Thoroughly conversant both with the nature of the human mind, and with the principles and power of the Roman Catholic creed he had, in directing the advances of his Scripture-readers, acted on the valuable principle that, with most people at least, the admission of doctrines does not mainly depend on the strength of the evidence which may be offered for them, or in the ability by which they might be enforced. He was well aware, that, with uneducated people especially, prejudice, preoccupation, habit, and authority mainly effect, if they do not wholly produce, their belief. "Do not be surprised, and never be impatient," he used constantly to tell his Scripture-readers, "if arguments which you see to be perfectly good, fail of obtaining even attention from your Roman Catholic neighbours. Remember that your minds and theirs are in a different condition. Do not therefore be either discouraged or annoyed if your reasons fail, for a time, to produce any effect. The reception of truth, like the growth of the seed, to which it is compared by our blessed Lord, depends on the nature of the soil whereon it has fallen. Your first efforts should, then, be directed to overcome, by patience and gentleness, those obstacles which prevent truth from having a fair hearing. You will have good reason to hope for success when you can get inside prejudices."

"Father M.," he said, "is an able man; I do not think he will now rest without using every effort to defeat our work, which has, I am thankful to know, advanced so far as to warrant us also in taking a more determined front. This we shall do now; for the time has come. I do not consider it would be so wise in me to propose a personal controversy with him, as to wait a little, until, as I hope, his own people may begin to desire this, and press for it. Try to produce and encourage this feeling. I shall, I trust, be ready at any time. I think, however, it will not come to such an issue, until he shall first try to counteract your purposes by the introduction of 'the lay agency,' which his church so largely employs. He will get trained men to go about from house to house. You must be prepared for them. I shall do all in my power to aid you, and, for that purpose, I have drawn up some 'Cautions on Controversy,' which you shall soon have. I must, however, wait for Father M. to develop his plans a little, before I determine on my own. Though I think I can give a good guess as to his future operations."

He did guess, and he was right. The priest threw himself at once into the work. He selected men whom he thought most likely to cope with the Scripture-readers, and taxed himself to the utmost to fit them for their task. He constantly addressed his flock from the altar upon controversial subjects, and adjusted his arguments with much skill to their capacities. He soon saw, that what was plausible told better than what was true. And one piece of ingenuity made a great impression upon his eager hearers. He had been forced to use every effort to dissuade the people from controversy. So he thus addressed them:—

"Are you not all sure of the truths of our most holy faith. Has not the holy Catholic Church, which can never err, told you what they are? What, then, do you want with controversy—can it make you more sure? You might as well say I want the help of a farthing candle when you have the full light of God's blessed sun to see by. The Church is the sun, and controversy is the farthing candle. Moreover—to dispute is to doubt. Do

you doubt? My friends, I must warn you, that the very moment you doubt, you cease to be a Catholic, because there is no doubt in the Catholic Church. So you become a heretic; and you well know what becomes of heretics. Leave controversy, then, to those who have difficulties to settle. You have none. Have, therefore, nothing to do with it. It lets down your religion. Would you demean it before the very people who are doing their best to pull it down? Let it alone, for controversy implies doubt, and doubt is heresy, and heresy ruins you body and soul."

This address took mightily with the listeners; for it touched their pride, pleased their fancy, and awakened their fears. It was thought so good, that unfortunately it defeated its object. For the schoolmaster, an uncommonly smart fellow, who had many a hard battle with our young friend, the Scripture-reader, met him a day or two after, and being as proud of this new idea as a little boy of his first jacket and trousers, he determined to try what he professionally termed "the priest's crux" upon him. And so, having given the argument with his own embellishments, he cried out, rather triumphantly, "I should like to hear now, Mr. Scripture-reader, what you can say to this?"

The other smiled good-humouredly. His questioner not seeing him to be taken aback as much as he had expected by the difficulty, asked him rather sharply why he laughed.

"Well," said the other, "if you won't be angry, I will tell you. I was once made a great fool of."

"I dare say you were," said the schoolmaster, who owed him a hit, and very much wished he could make a fool of him just then—"But how was it?"

"When I was a youngster I went, with other little boys, to see a show of which we had heard a great deal. There was a man standing outside the entrance door, holding up a doll's house, very nicely painted, and crying out 'step in, ladies and gentlemen, you will see a pair of the most wonderful dwarfs in the world. This is, as you see, the house they live in.'"

"Well," said the other, observing him to pause, "what then?"

"Why," looking hard at him, "I was fool enough to believe him."

THE SEE OF ST. PETER.—No. II.

In our last number we furnished our readers with some of our reasons for believing that St. Peter was never Bishop of Rome, and pointed out some of the difficulties in the way of those who would maintain the contrary proposition.

We would now request their attention to a few further observations upon this extremely important subject.

That we do not exaggerate the importance of it might easily be shown from the writings of the most celebrated Roman Catholic controversialists. We think, however, we need not go further than the celebrated Cardinal Ballarmino, who unequivocally confesses it when he says that "the right of the Popes has its foundation in the fact that St. Peter established his seat at Rome by divine command, and that he occupied it till his death."

If St. Peter was ever really Bishop of Rome, it surely would not be unreasonable to ask *when* he became so, and *how long* he occupied that See.

We need scarcely say that the Holy Scriptures contain no allusion whatever to St. Peter having ever been at Rome, while the Acts of the Apostles and the Epistles are full of allusions and statements as to St. Paul having for several years resided at Rome, and taken an active personal part in preaching the Gospel in that city.

St. Peter himself wrote two general Epistles, which have been preserved as part of the sacred canon, and received alike as true by both Roman Catholics and Protestants. In both he calls himself an *Apostle of Jesus Christ*, but makes no allusion whatever to his being Bishop of Rome. Is it not difficult to believe that he would have been thus silent if he *was*, in fact, such bishop, and the whole fabric of the Church was for all after times to be based upon that very fact, as its great foundation?

Surely, then, it is incumbent on those who assert that St. Peter was Bishop of Rome to tell us *when* he became so, and *how long* he held that office; and, in a point so important, we think that we might fairly expect that all Roman Catholic writers would be unanimous (if the much-boasted unity of the Church of Rome really exists in anything but in name), and that no second opinion could exist about it.

We are about to show, however, that there is no point less settled among her learned men, and that it is hopeless to get from them any answer to our question on which it is possible to rely with the slightest degree of confidence. Some think that St. Peter first visited Rome, and commenced his apostolic or episcopal functions there, A.D. 42, in the second year of the Emperor Claudius; others, that he never was at Rome until A.D. 54, in the reign of Nero; and some think A.D. 65, in which year he is stated to have been put to death there as a martyr.

Up to the time of the Reformation we believe the uniformly received account was that St. Peter went to Rome

"Jus successione pontificum Romanorum in eo fundatur quod Petrus Romam sedem suam jubente Domino collocaverit, atque ibidem usque ad mortem sederit."—De Rom. Pontifice, lib. II., c. i., p. 136, Col. 1636.

in the second year of Claudius, and remained there as Bishop for twenty-five years. At a time when the Holy Scriptures were little read by either clergy or laity, the utter incompatability of such a statement with the Scriptural narrative remained unobserved and unchallenged; and if any one required evidence of a matter considered so fundamental, he would probably have been considered to be satisfactorily and fully answered by a passage from what is called the *Chronicon of Eusebius*, which we alluded to in our last number, p. 85, note; or to the *Liberian Catalogue*, first published by Father Bucher in 1634, as to which we shall have to say a few words presently.

We believe few scholars would, at the present day, venture to rely on either of those documents as worthy of unqualified credit, but we shall, perhaps, save trouble to some of our readers, and prevent others from being misled by high sounding titles, if (even at the risk of seeming tedious to those who are already satisfied by the authorities cited in our former article) we proceed to lay before them, as briefly and distinctly as we can, the result of a somewhat laborious and, we believe, accurate inquiry into those often quoted passages—quoted, too, we are sorry to say, by writers who were, or ought to have been, fully aware of their doubtfulness, though they rely on them with as much confidence as if they were authorities of the highest weight and undoubted character.

The "Chronicon of Eusebius" was a work written in Greek, which has been long since lost, and all we have at present is a Latin work, attributed, we believe correctly, to St. Jerome, partly taken from the original of Eusebius, but which appears to have been not so much a translation as a compilation, somewhat hastily made, from a variety of authors, of whom Eusebius was one, but of others of whom we do not even know the names.

It is not easy, for reasons which we shall hereafter state, to give the words of St. Jerome with any reasonable degree of certainty; the discrepancy indeed is so great between different MSS. and editions, that it is nearly impossible to know which of the readings is really the correct one. We shall presently give some specimens of the discrepancies referred to; at present we shall merely state, that the substance of the passage is this, that "in the second year of the reign of Claudius (A.D. 42), Peter, having first founded the See of Antioch, went to Rome, where he remained as Bishop, preaching the Gospel for twenty-five years;" or, as Father Bucher's old Roman Catalogue expresses it, with more specific particularity, "twenty-five years one month and nine days!"

That this statement is wholly at variance with the truth of history, nobody now doubts, and Dr. Dollinger, a high authority at present in the Roman Catholic world, in his "Beginnings of Christianity," vol. i., p. 72, goes so far as to say (we think, rather rashly): "As for a continuous residence of St. Peter of twenty-five years' duration at Rome, that never was maintained by any person whatever." If what Dr. Dollinger means here by this, perhaps *designedly*, ambiguous language is, that no one ever maintained that St. Peter never was *absent* for a month from Rome for the twenty-five years that he is stated to have been Bishop there, no doubt what he says is true—no one ever did, we believe, make any such absurd assertion. But if he means that no one ever maintained that St. Peter resided at Rome for twenty-five years as its Bishop, his statement is wholly erroneous, as no one who treated the statement in the *Chronicon* of Jerome as accurate ever maintained anything else, until Baronius first started the theory that St. Peter paid two visits to Rome, one in the second year of Claudius, and the second shortly before his martyrdom, twenty-five years afterwards, in the reign of Nero. We refer, however, to Dr. Dollinger, merely to show that Roman Catholics at present have given up the old theory of St. Peter having been twenty-five years resident as Bishop of Rome, and, therefore, so far, have given up the testimony of Jerome's *Chronicon* and the *Liberian Catalogue*.

We now proceed to show what the most learned Roman Catholic writers of the 17th and 18th centuries have written upon this subject.

The eminent Father Ceillier, in his *General History of Sacred Authors*, vol. I. p. 434, says—"St. Peter came to Rome in the commencement of the reign of Nero, the 54th year of Jesus Christ, according to the common era. I know that several able men distinguish between two journeys of St. Peter to Rome, and that they fix the first in the 2nd year of the reign of Claudius, which was the 42nd year of Jesus Christ. They support this statement on the testimony of Eusebius, of St. Jerome, and of an ancient Catalogue of the Roman Pontiffs published by Father Bucher. These authors, in effect, say that the Prince of the Apostles, after having governed the Church of Antioch, and preached the Gospel to the Jews dispersed throughout Pontus, Galatia, Cappadocia, Asia, and Bithynia, came to Rome, in the 2nd year of the Emperor Claudius, to combat Simon the Magician, and that he held his see there for the space of 25 years, until the 14th year of Nero, which was also the last of his reign. But it is not, perhaps, very difficult to show that in that Eusebius and St. Jerome were far apart from the truth of history, which they had not sufficiently examined. 1st, It appears by the book of the Acts of the Apostles, that until the death of Herod Agrippa, which happened the same year that he put St. Peter into prison, that Apostle never preached the Gospel in any other country but Judea and Syria. Then Josephus informs us